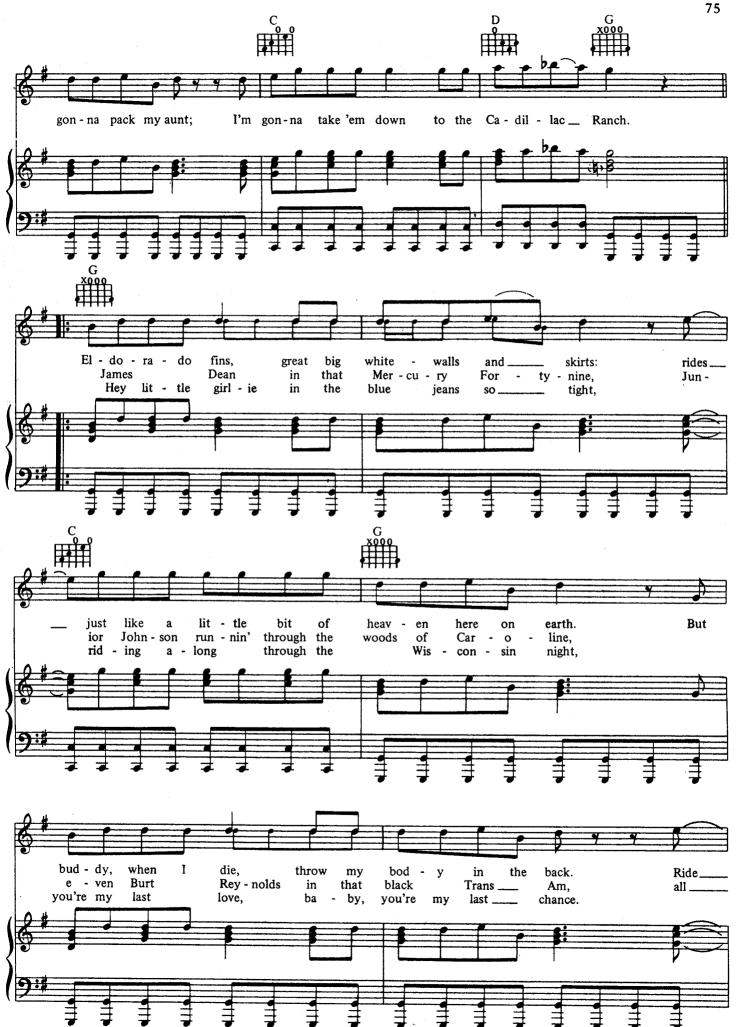
CADILLAC RANCH

Words and Music by BRUCE SPRINGSTÉEN Moderately bright Well, there ____ she sits, bud - dy, just a - gleam - in' right there to greet a work - in' man when his day is done. ľm and I'm gon - na pack my





CRUSH ON YOU

Words and Music by









DRIVE ALL NIGHT











FADE AWAY

Words and Music by BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN



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HUNGRY HEART

Words and Music by BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN









I WANNA MARRY YOU







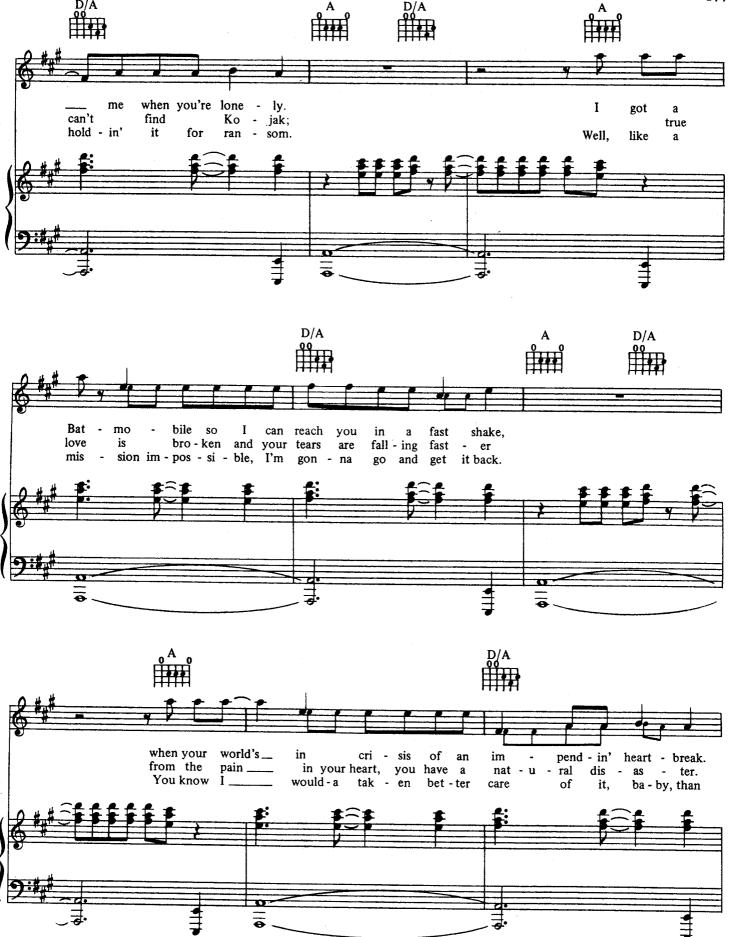


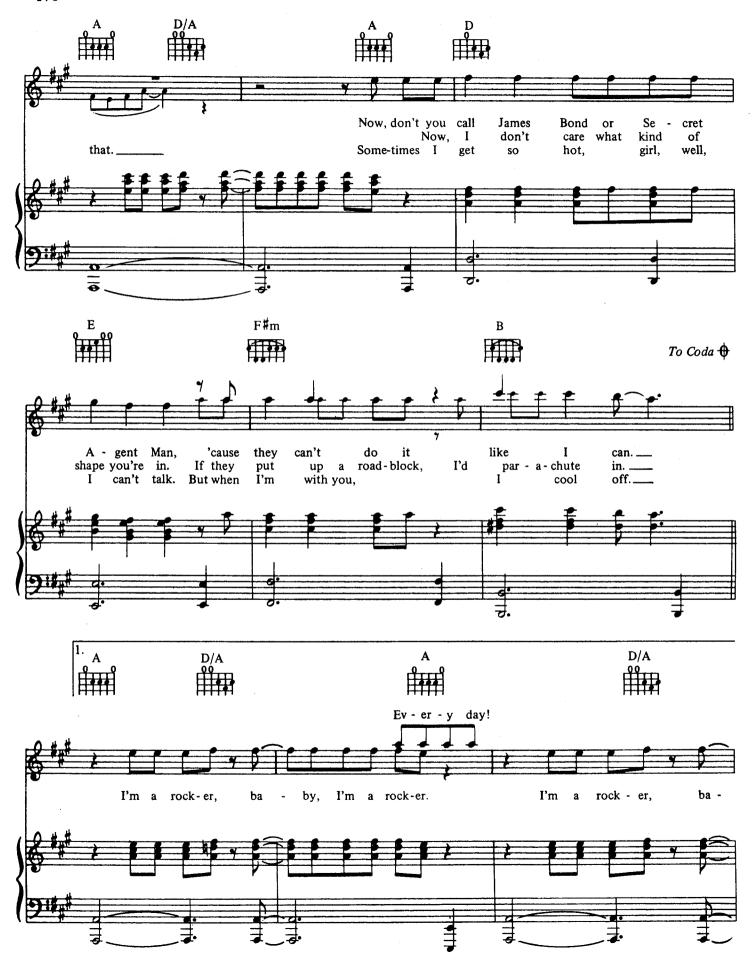


I'M A ROCKER













INDEPENDENCE DAY

Words and Music by BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN













JACKSON CAGE









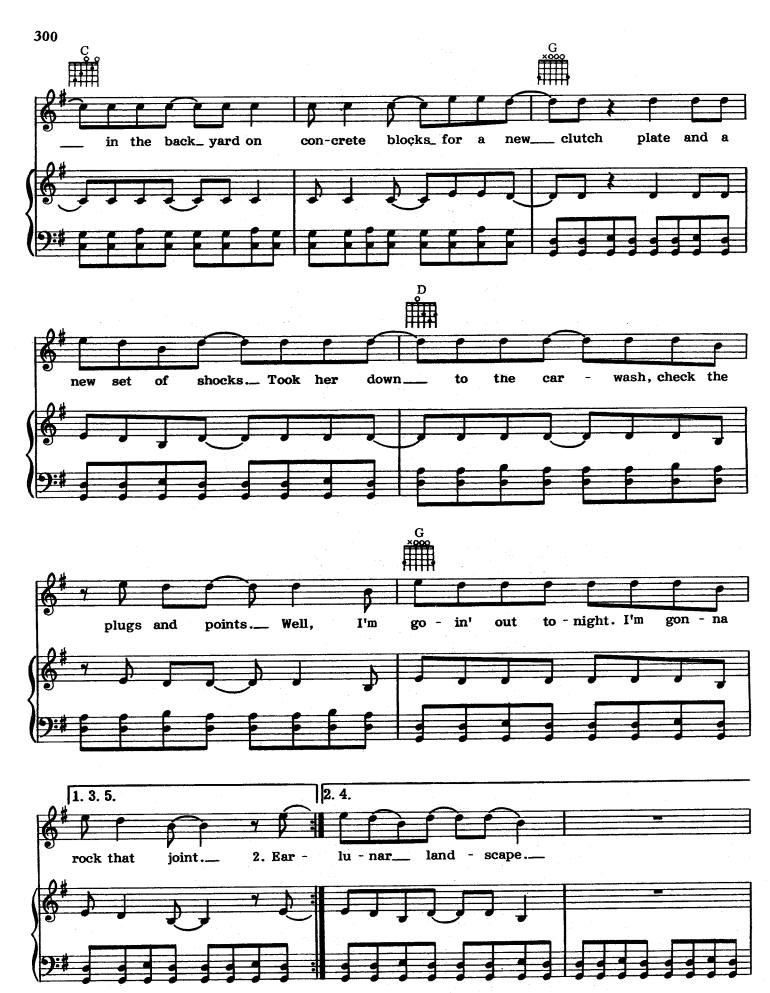


OPEN ALL NIGHT











- Early north Jersey industrial skyline,
 I'm a all-set cobra jet creepin' through the nighttime.
 Gotta find a gas station; gotta find a pay phone.
 This turnpike sure is spooky at night when you're all alone.
 Gotta hit the gas, baby. I'm runnin' late.
 This New Jersey in the mornin' like a lunar landscape.
- 3. Now, the boss don't dig me, so he put me on the night shift. It's an all-night run to get back to where my baby lives. In the wee, wee hours your mind gets hazy. Radio relay towers, won't you lead me to my baby? Underneath the overpass, trooper hits his party light switch. Good night, good luck. One, two power shift.
- 4. I met Wanda when she was employed Behind the counter at Route Sixty Bob's Big Boy Fried Chicken. On the front seat, she's sittin' in my lap. We're wipin' our fingers on a Texaco road map. I remember Wanda up on scrap metal hill With them big brown eves that make your heart stand still.
- 5. Well, at five a.m., oil pressure's sinkin' fast.
 I make a pit stop, wipe the windshield, check the gas.
 Gotta call my baby on the telephone,
 Let her know that her daddy's comin' on home.
 Sit tight, little mama, I'm comin' 'round.
 I got three more hours, but I'm coverin' ground.
- 6. Your eyes get itchy in the wee, wee hours. Sun's just a red ball risin' over them refinery towers. Radio's jammed up with gospel stations. Lost souls callin' long distance salvation. Hey, mister deejay, won'tcha hear my last prayer? Hey, ho, rock 'n' roll, deliver me from nowhere.

OUT IN THE STREET















POINT BLANK



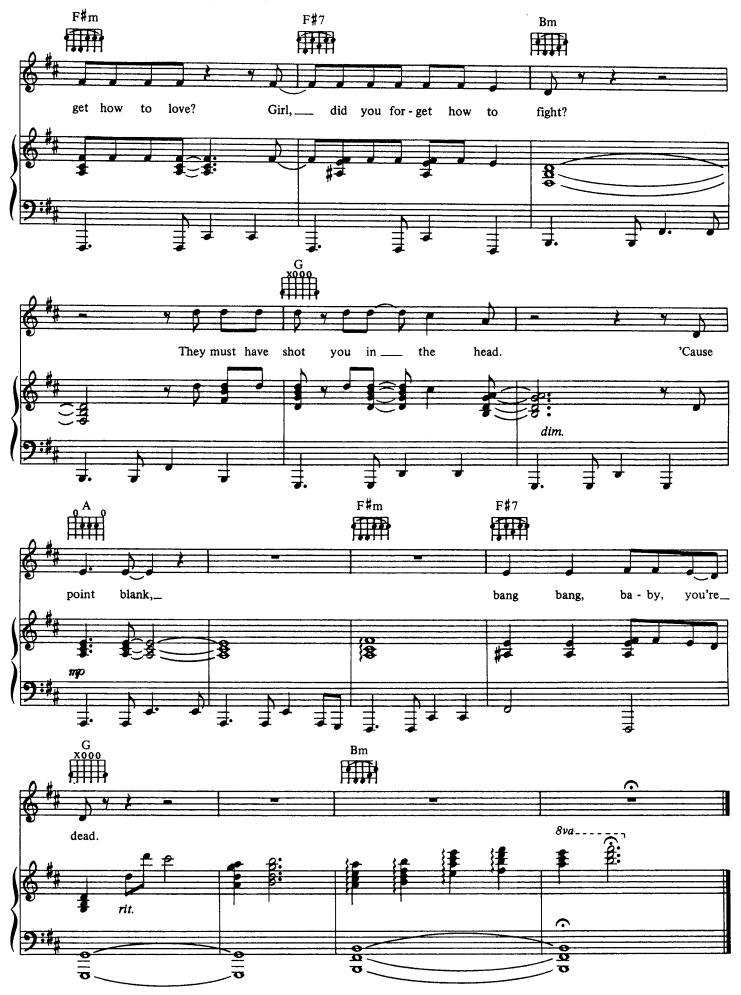


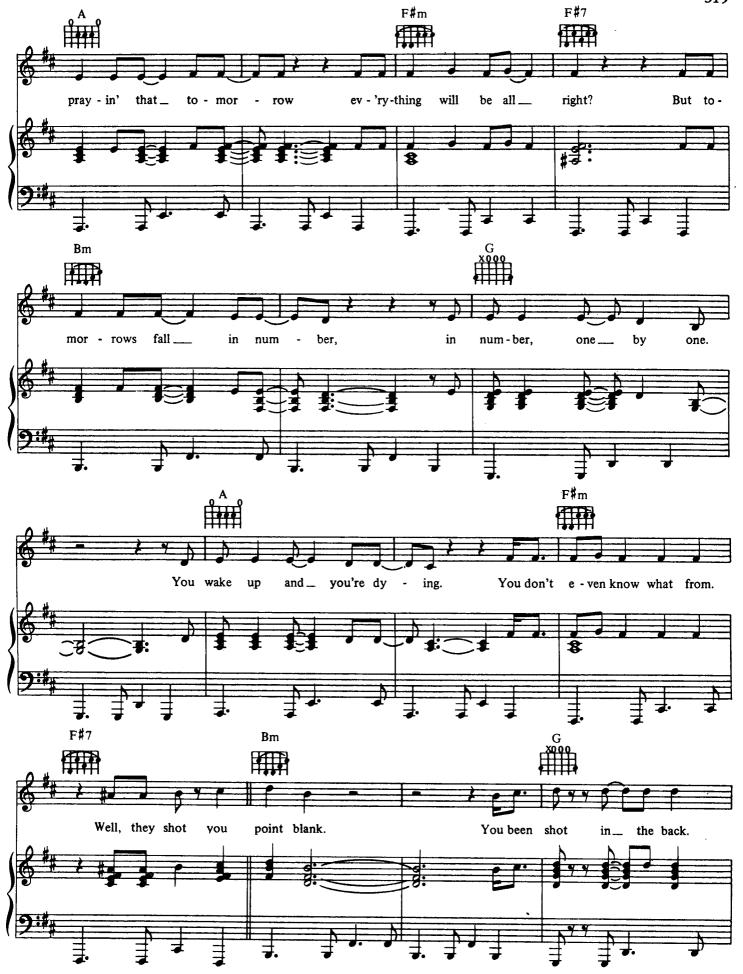


























RAMROD









SHERRY DARLING

Words and Music by









STOLEN CAR

Words and Music by BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN

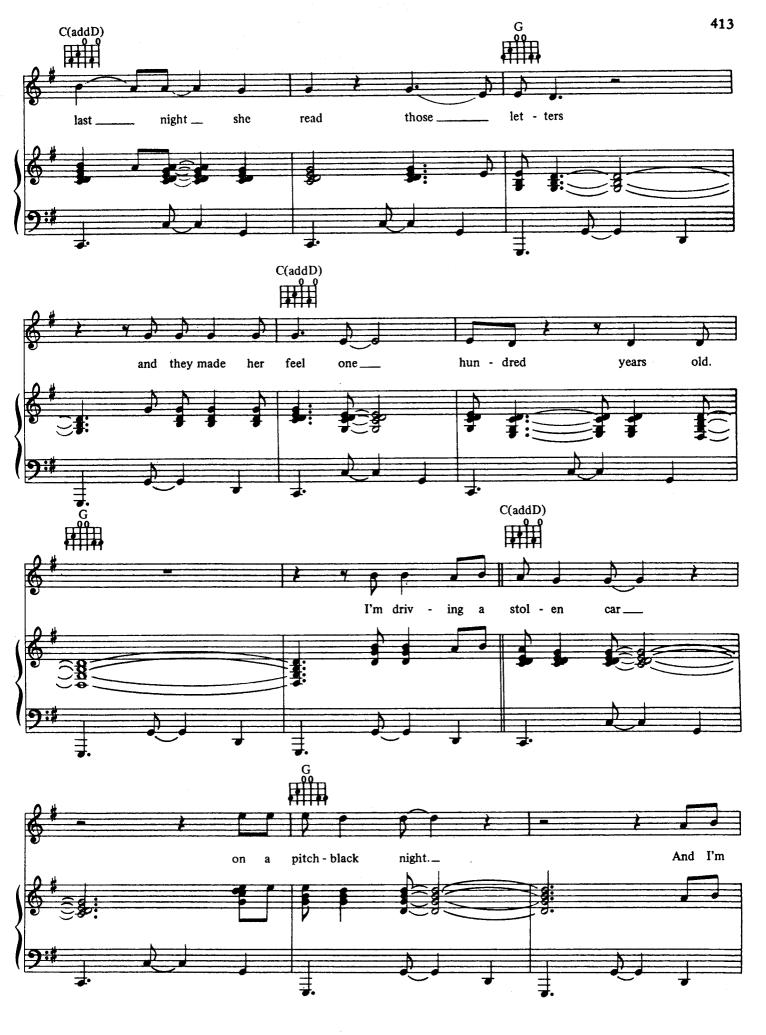


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THE PRICE YOU PAY















THE RIVER



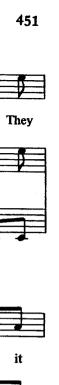
















THE TIES THAT BIND









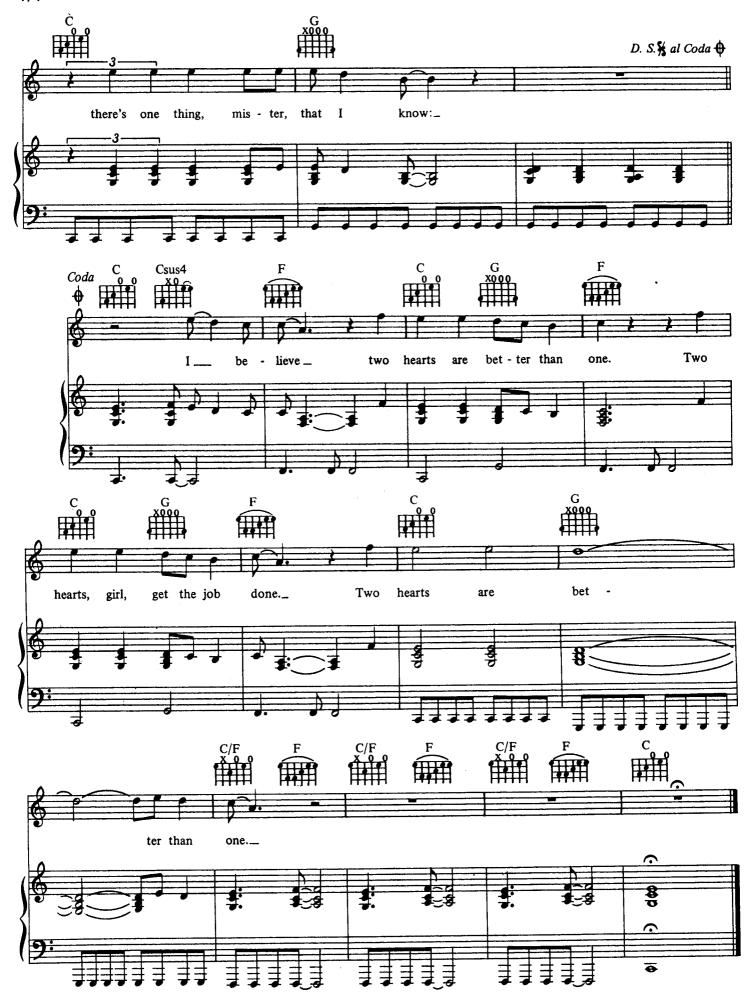


TWO HEARTS







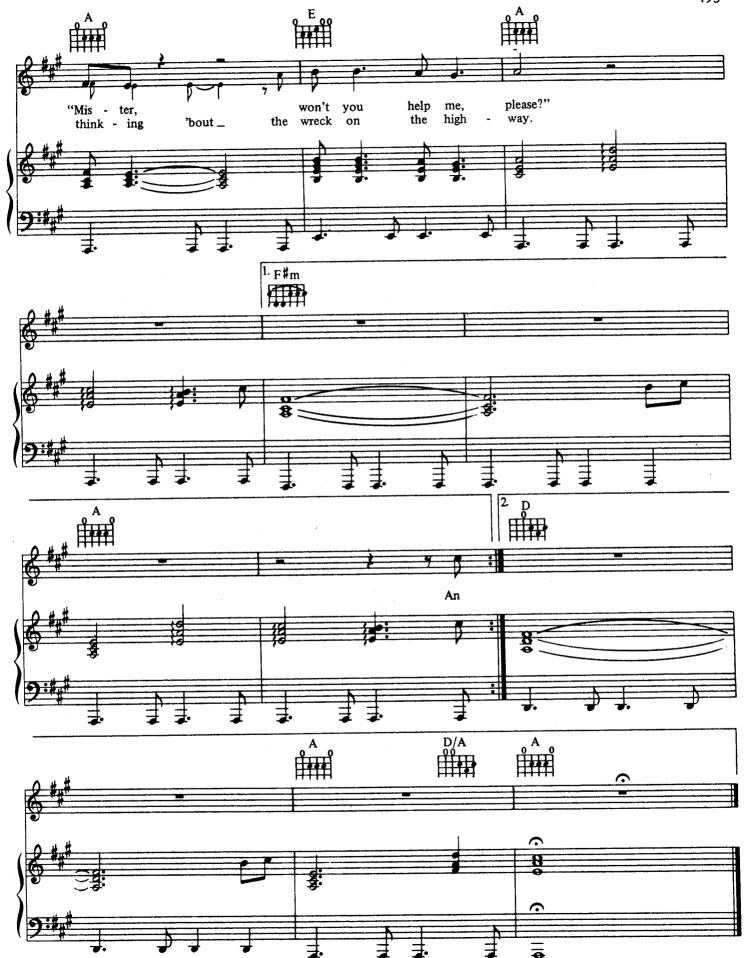


WRECK ON THE HIGHWAY

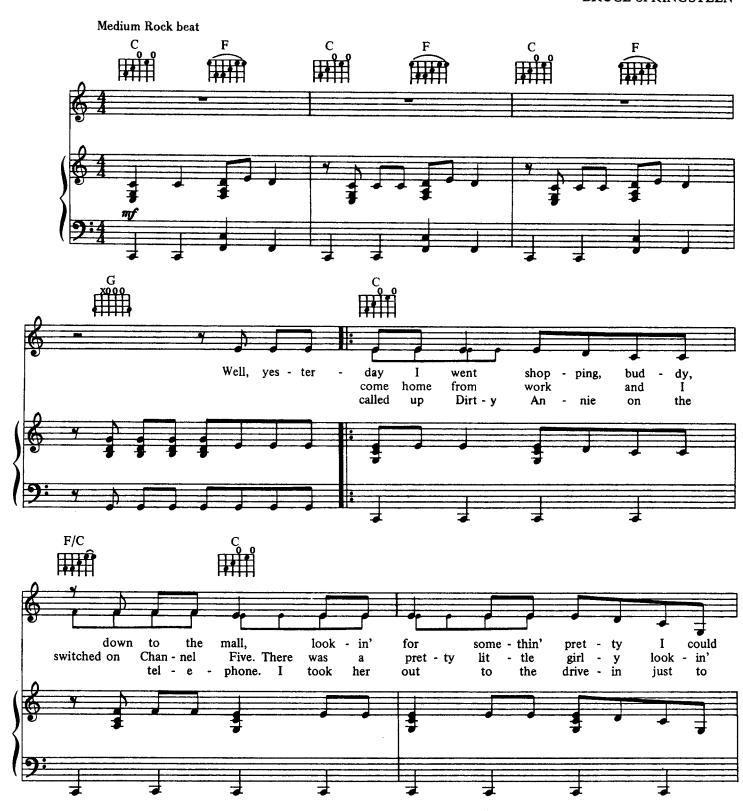








YOU CAN LOOK (But You Better Not Touch)



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